MARVEL

FALL OF X

004

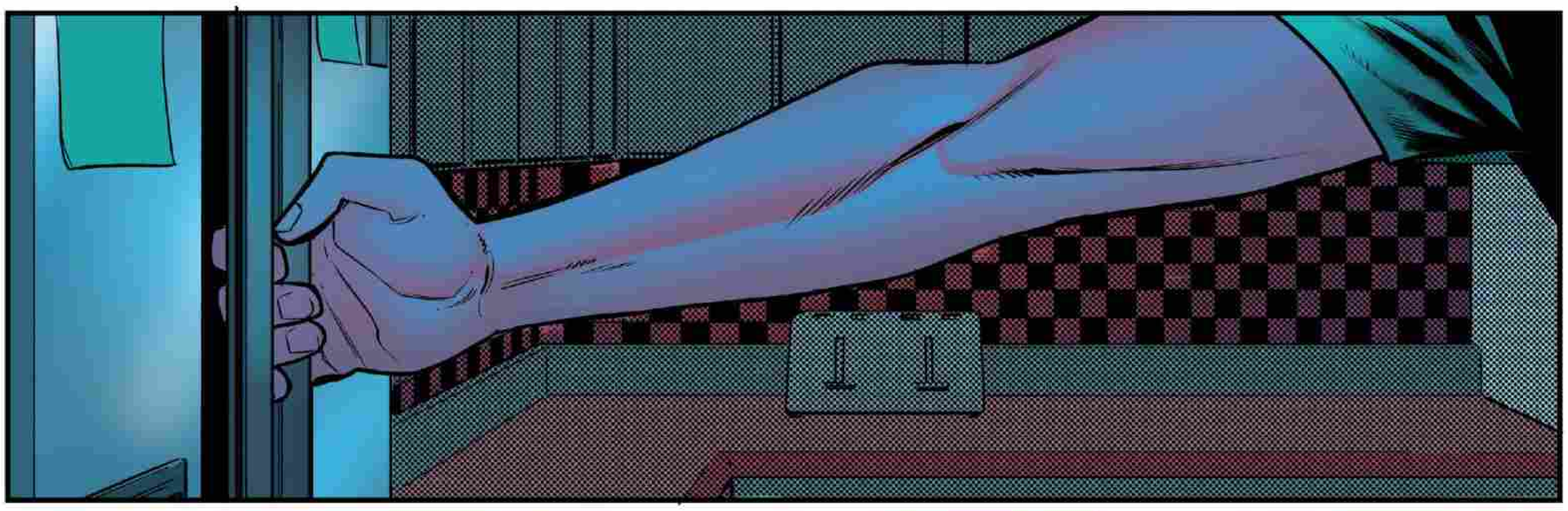
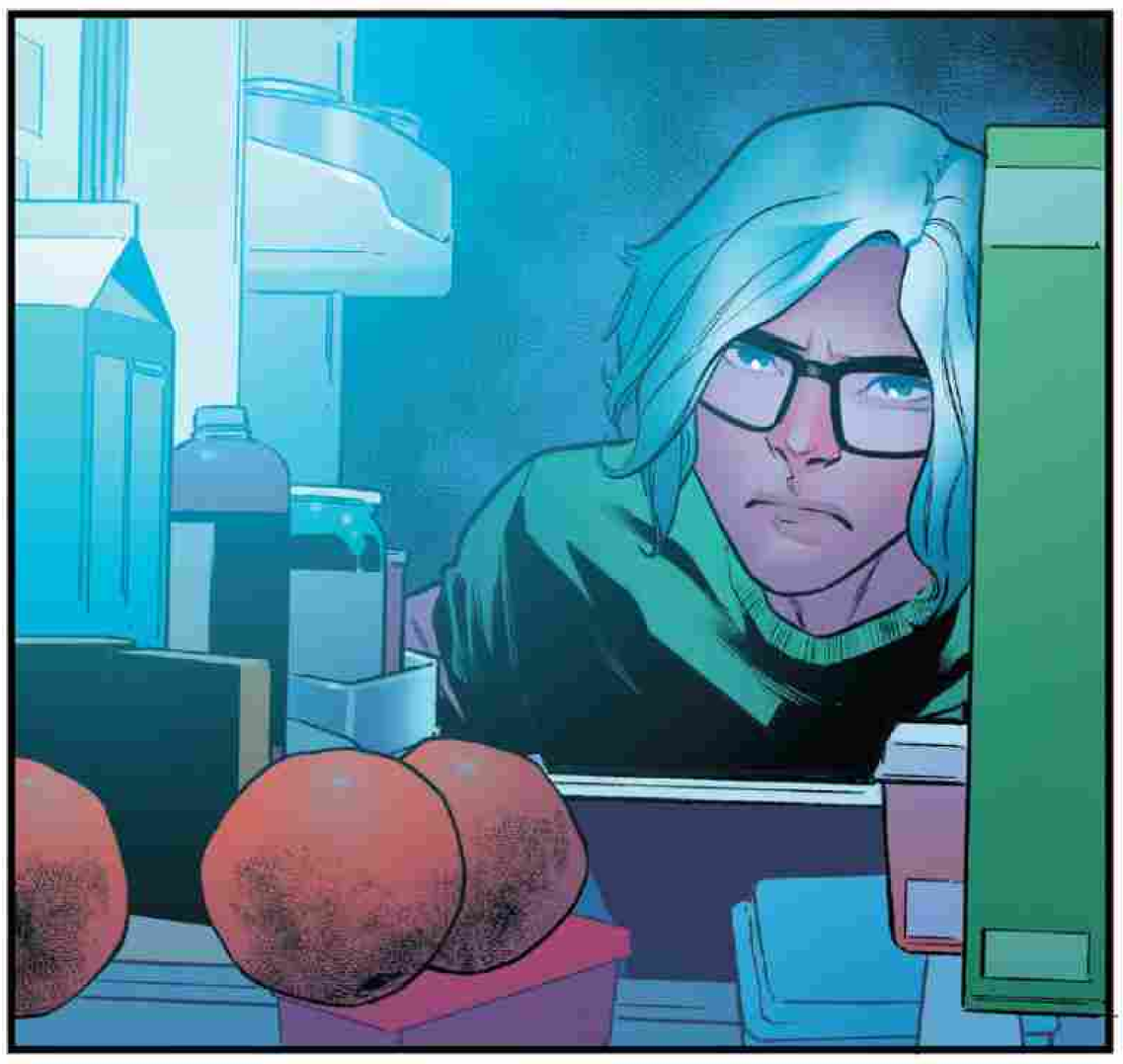
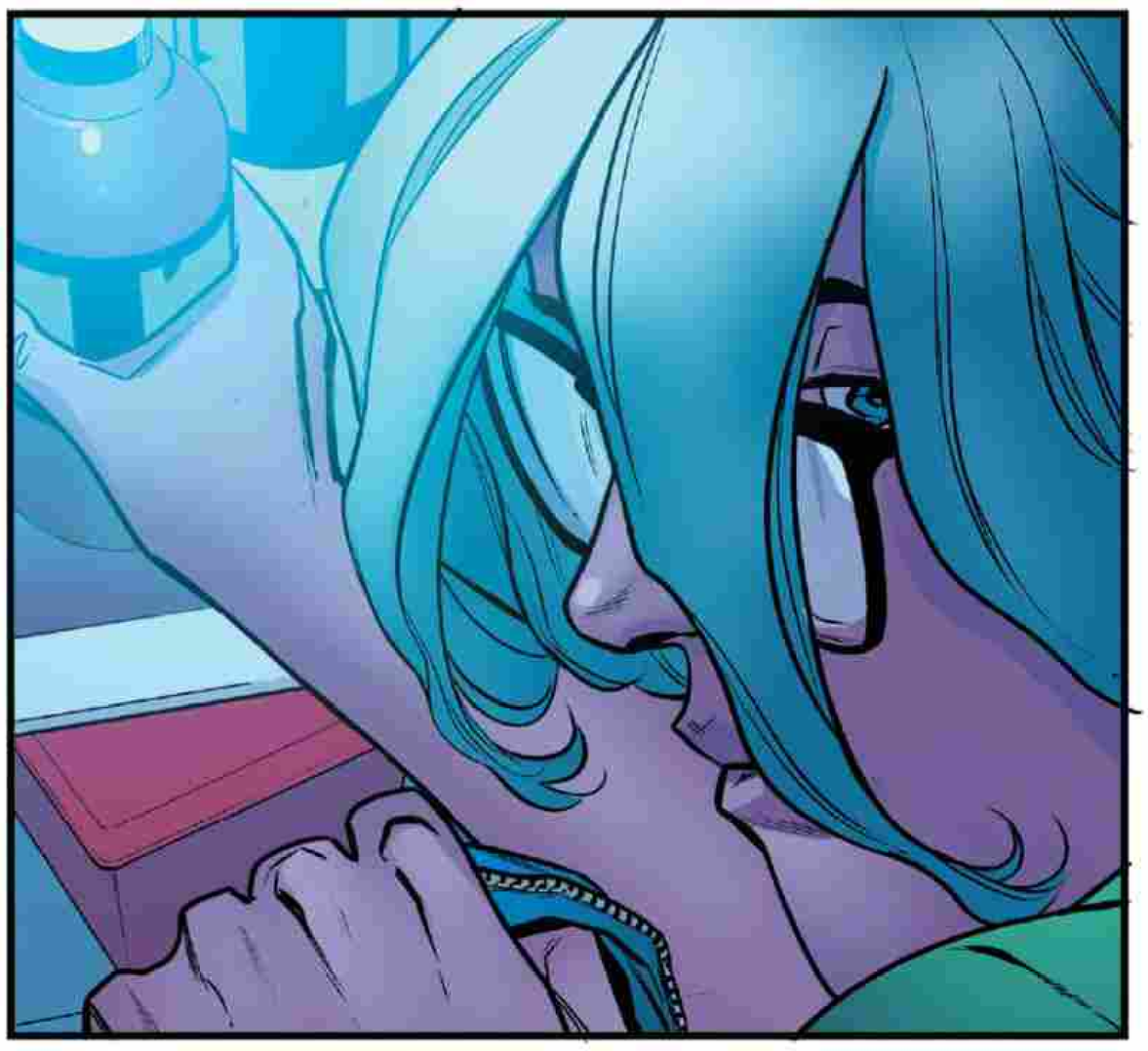
BRISSON
GODLEWSKI
MILLA

MARVEL STUDIOS
THE MARVELS
NOW PLAYING IN THEATERS

ALPHA FLIGHT

KIRK 2023
delgado

KRAKOA NORTH.
NORTHERN MANITOBA, CANADA.

Argent... ah, sorry, Laurent... everything good?
Yep.
Just needed a snack. All good now.

[fall__of]
[_____X]

FALL OF X

[fall__of]
[_____X]

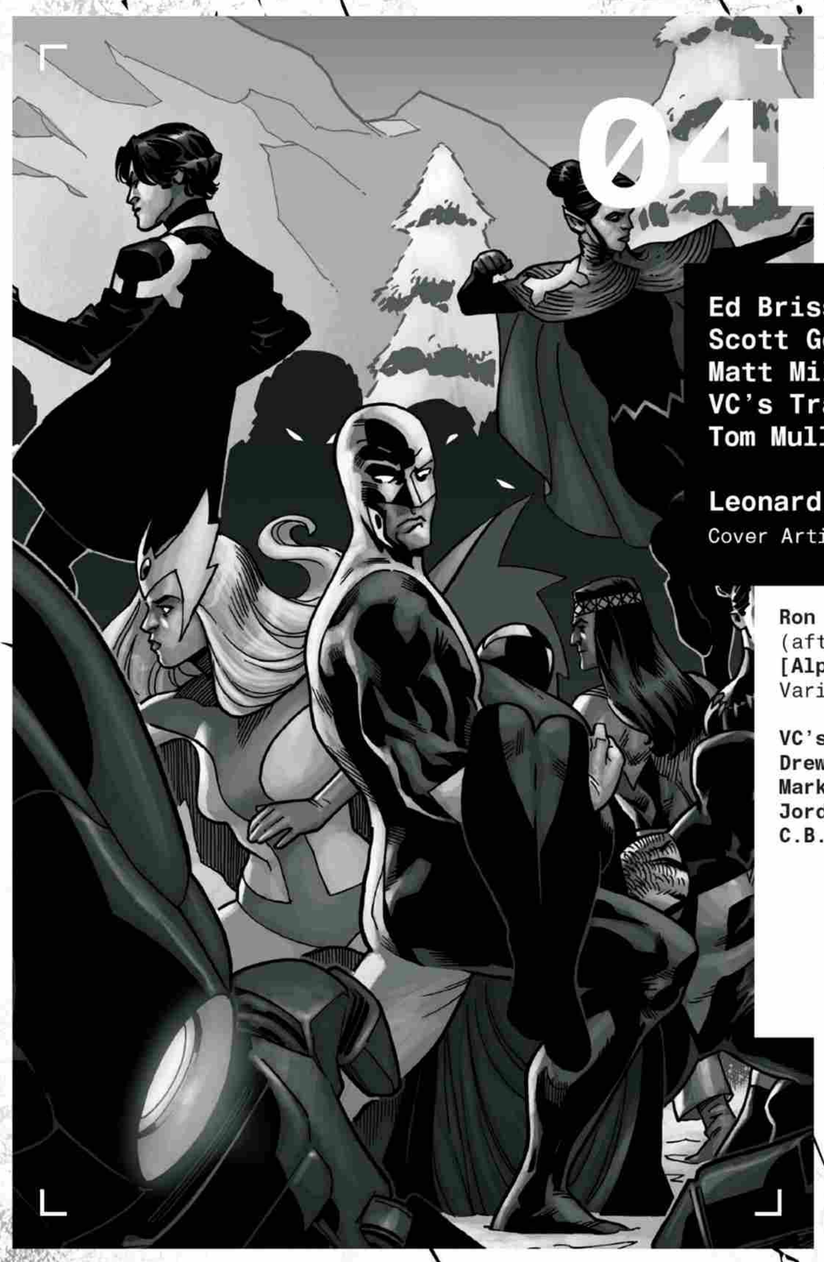
Alpha Flight

Incognito

Following in Orchis' footsteps, Department H has effectively outlawed mutantkind north of the border, deploying Alpha Flight to round up every mutant left on Canadian soil. Little do they know that Alpha Flight is secretly in league with their mutant former teammates, protecting any mutants they can and shepherding them to safety in a hidden base they are calling Krakoa North. Tensions are bubbling at the facility, though, as some of the refugees feel trapped there.

Meanwhile, Erika Doiron, the new Department H director, frustrated at Alpha Flight's apparent lack of success, engaged the Box Sentinels designed by Roger Bochs Jr. to capture former Alpha Flight-er Feedback. Alpha Flight sent word to their secret mutant team, who were able to fend off the Box Sentinels and escape with Feedback in tow, but Nemesis was gravely wounded in the battle, leaving the team unable to teleport away from the Sentinels closing in. The public team raced to the aid of their friends, and as Nemesis was unmasked in an attempt to revive her, Guardian at last learned the secret they'd been hiding -- Nemesis is his wife, Heather Hudson!

1___[GUARDIAN]
2___[SNOWBIRD]
3___[PUCK]
4___[SHAMAN]
5___[NEMESIS]
6___[AURORA]
7___[FANG]
8___[NORTHSTAR]
9___[FEEDBACK]
10__[LAURENT]
11__[KYLE]
12__[ROGER BOCHS JR.]
13__[ERIKA DOIRON]



ALPHA FLIGHT

04 "DIVIDED WE STAND: PART FOUR"

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[alpha__04]
[flight__04]

[fall__of]
[_____X]

TURTLE MOUNTAIN PROVINCIAL PARK.
MANITOBA, CANADA.

Heather...

...please...

...say something.

Please.

Why didn't you tell me Heather was involved?

I didn't want her and Claire caught up in this, they were safe, they were... oh my god... *where's Claire?*

Your daughter is safe. Heather left her with a friend who can be trusted. She didn't want us to tell you until she was ready to--

They're my *family*, Northstar!

I had a *right* to know!

I had a right to know.

Mac, time is not on our side.

Please let me treat her.

What happened to her?

One of the Box Sentinels must've hit her as we were teleporting out of Oregon.

She managed to get us here but didn't have the strength to continue.

Is she going to be *okay?*

It looks as though the Onyx Sword's power ***protected*** her from the brunt of the hit.

It could have been much worse.

The Onyx Sword was ***never*** meant to be wielded by the living.

It's a weapon meant for ***draining*** the life force of its ***victims*** to keep its user ***alive.***

Because Heather is neither dead, nor has she killed anyone, the Scell has instead been draining ***her*** life force in order to function.

It ***must*** feed to survive.

The salve I've given her will heal her. She just needs rest.

But if she ***continues*** to allow the Scell to drain her life force...if she teleports and carries on the way that she has...

...she will reach a point where there will be ***nothing left.***

Boss...

...I know you're in shock right now. This is...it's *a lot.*

But we can't stay here. It *ain't* safe.

Puck's right.

Erika already has the Box Sentinels en route.

I'm not sure this situation is something that we can *explain* to Department H. We'll be *exposed* and everything we've been working toward will be *compromised.*

We need to get Nemesis and Feedback to safety *now.*

Can she move?

Yes. But, as I said, teleportation is *out of the question.*

I... This is all *my fault...*

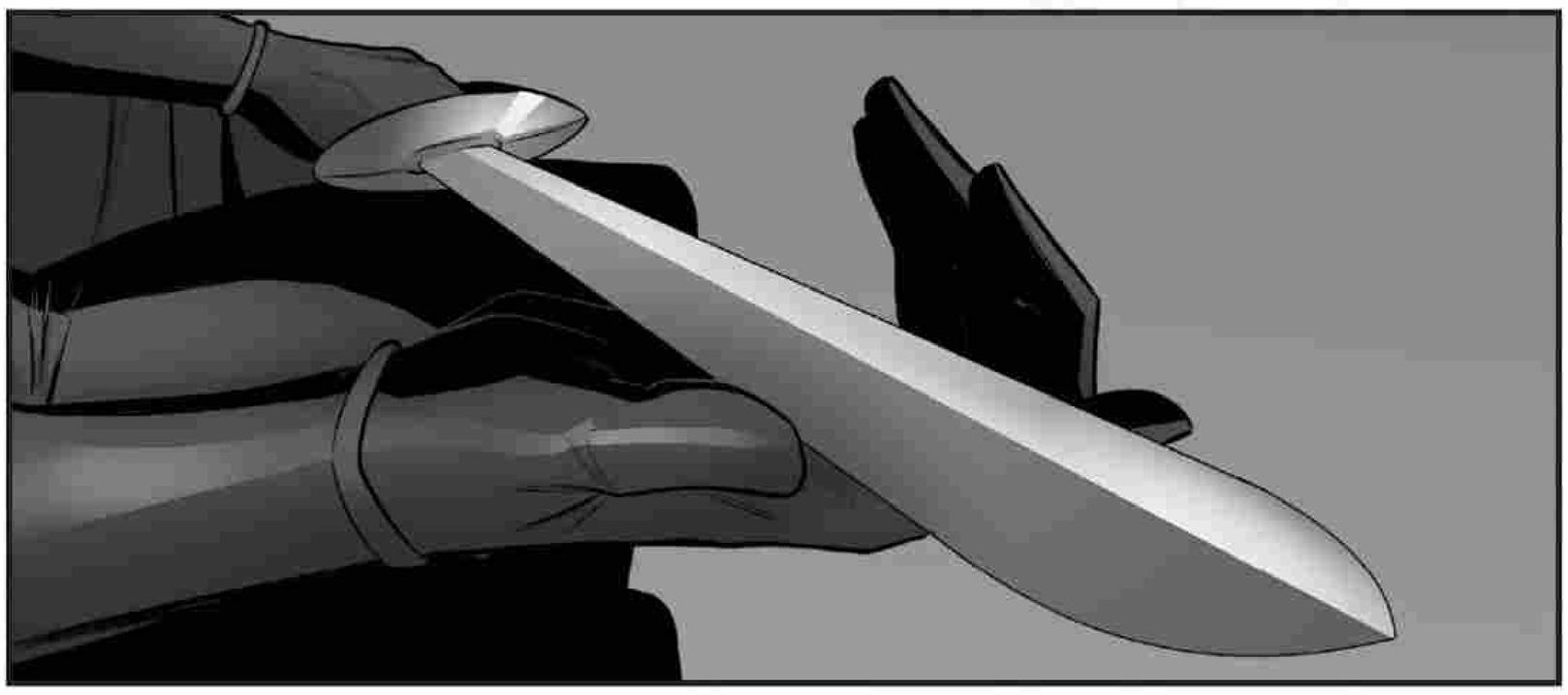
None of you would be here if it wasn't for me.

I think I know a way to buy us some time while you bring Nemesis to safety.

[ITEM]..Department]
[FILE]..........H]

THE ONYX SWORD
ALSO KNOWN AS: SCELL

FORMER WIELDERS: **ISABEL ST. IVES, JANE THORNE, AMELIA WEATHERLY**



HISTORY:

The Onyx Sword is a soulsword forged out of promethium -- a living metal -- that transforms those who wield it into the living embodiment of the Spirit of Retribution. The blade itself is as thin as a single atom, which allows it to cut through most materials with little effort.

Past wielders of the Onyx Sword have typically been dead, resurrected due to their physical connection to the blade. Their bodies continued to function due to transference of the life force of those killed by the Onyx Sword. Without victims to draw life force from, the Onyx Sword is forced instead to draw life force from those who use it.

PROPERTIES:

In addition to resurrecting its "undead" wielders, the Onyx Sword grants its bearers the ability of flight, superhuman speed, teleportation and time travel -- allowing users to open portals through time, but requires a blood sacrifice of one who has travelled from the destination timeline.

[ITEM]..Department]
[FILE]..........H]

DEPARTMENT H HEADQUARTERS.
TORONTO, ONTARIO. CANADA.

We're a hundred kilometers out from Alpha Flight's location.

E.T.A. of just under five minutes.

Can someone get Guardian on comms?

Hell, even Snowbird, Shaman or that *little imp?*

We've tried raising them, Director Doiron.

No one is responding.

We've got movement. Four bodies leaving the location fast.

At least a ***thousand kilometers per hour.***

Dammit. Northstar and Aurora.

Please tell me that Alpha Flight at least secured the target.

Department H, this is Guardian...

Guardian, how *kind* of you to *finally* check in.

I see you let Northstar and his cronies *get away.*

Unfortunately, we weren't able to stop them. They fled, and even in the Omnijet, there's no way for us to catch up to Northstar or Aurora.

And *the target?*

Albert Louis, A.K.A. Feedback, is in custody.

We're bringing him in.

Well, thank god for *tiny miracles.*

Wait for the Box Sentinels to arrive.

They'll escort you back to Department H.

I'm not risking any more screwups.

We need this win.

You, most of all, *need* this win.

We don't need--

It *wasn't* a request, Guardian.

KRAKOA NORTH.

KLIK

Spencer, where are you going?

C'mon!

I'm *sick* of being inside *all the time.*

Hurry, before someone catches us!

Mom,

I'm not sure why I'm writing you again. I'm still carrying the first letter I wrote to you in my pocket. There's no way for me to get either letter to you, and so it makes little sense for me to continue. Still, I've found that writing these makes me feel as though I'm talking to you, as though I can hear your voice. It comforts me to know that you may read these letters someday. It makes me feel as though things will turn out okay and that the world will somehow come to its senses.

I've decided to leave Krakoa North.

I know Alpha Flight are trying to help. They're trying to find a way to keep us safe during these trying times, but I cannot accept that the best course of action is to be sent off to a distant planet millions of kilometers from home, to just sit and wait until things at home are better. There's no guarantee that they ever will be better.

I don't know how far out from civilization we are, but am certain that if I just head south, I should be able to reach a town or city within a couple of days. Where do I go from there? I'm not sure. Maybe I'll lay low for a while and see if I can't find a job that pays under the table, one where they don't ask too many questions and don't care where you come from, so long as you can do the work. It always works in the movies, right?

Once I find a town or a city, I'll mail these two letters to you so that you know that I'm safe. I figure if I put grandpa's name as the return address, then perhaps these will make their way to you unopened. If I put my own name, I suspect that Department H will have them flagged.

I hope you're doing well and that you are not worried too much about me (though a little is okay! These are strange times, and some worry is to be expected).

I'll write again soon.

Love,
Laurent

Note: Translated from French.

TURTLE MOUNTAIN PROVINCIAL PARK.

Are you *sure* about this, Feedback?

We coulda just sent you with the twins, you know.

I'm sure.

I've been running for years. Lying to my family about *who* I really am.

What I really am.

I'm responsible for the horrendous death of my own clone, and now Nemesis is hurt because of *me*.

I just...

...I'm so *tired* of running.

I'm tired of *lying*.

If doing this gives the others an opportunity to get away so they can help the mutants you've already rescued, then--

Heads up.

We've got *company*.

Whatever happens, know that we're not handing you over to them.

All we're doing here is buying the others *more time.*

Once they're in the clear, we'll figure out a way to lose the Box Sentinels.

You have *my word.*

Good work, Alpha Flight.

Thanks, but really...an escort feels *unnecessary.*

We've already got the situation handled.

Sorry...

...but I've got my *orders.*

All right, you *heard* the bot.

Guess there ain't a lick we can do to change their mind.

Try an' *keep up, eh?*

Oh...

"...Director Doiron...

"...I've just had a ping on our system."

I think you're going to want to *see* this.

Is that...?

Finally.

Roger...

...we have a change of plans.

Department H, the Box Sentinels just took off heading northeast.

Is there a *problem* we should *know* about?

Negative, Puck.

The Box Sentinels have been redirected. You are to continue course to Department H with the prisoner.

Where have they been redirected *to?*

Not something to concern yourself with. Continue course to Department H.

Well, that can't be good.

Northstar...

CROSS LAKE, MANITOBA.

...we just lost the Box Sentinels.

Erika's given them new orders but is being tight-lipped about what those orders are.

My guess is they're headed your way.

Merci.

We're still two hundred kilometers from Krakoa North.

We wanted to get close so that if Nemesis has to teleport us in, the strain would be less, but not so close that we would give away the location if discovered.

How is she?

Better.

She's awake and talking, but she still needs *more rest.*

Mac, I know that you're ***angry*** that we didn't tell you that Heather was working with us.

I understand, I would be too. Secrets are ***never*** healthy for a team.

But she wanted to tell you herself, when the time ***was right.***

And I could not go against her wishes.

I ***hope*** you understand.

I do.

We'll hold our position for now.

When the Box Sentinels arrive, we'll lead them *away* from Krakoa North.

Be safe.

Please, Aurora and I can fly circles around those *monstrosities*, even while carrying Nemesis and Fang.

What's the news?

Department H is already onto us. We need to be ready to move.

Why not *stay* and *fight them?*

We already cut them down by half in Oregon, and that was with us worried about bystanders.

We don't have that here. We can *cut loose.*

Et tu? You think we should make a stand here?

Better than *constantly running.*

If we can just--

Jean-Paul!

Kyle, is *everything okay?*

We have a problem.

Argent and three of the kids--Spencer, Tasha and Bubs--somehow got out of the facility.

We managed to find the kids, but Argent is *still missing.*

That reckless little...

Okay.

Once Nemesis has recovered, we'll teleport back and work at getting everyone to a new location.

Coming back any sooner would be ***too dangerous.*** *The Box Sentinels are on our tails.*

We can't risk leading them right to Krakoa North--

Oh...

...no.

Kyle? What's wrong?

The Box Sentinels *aren't* after *you*, Northstar.

They're after *us*! *They're here!*

‹Damn, I should have brought a flashlight.›*

*Translated from French.

BOOOOM

‹What?!›

‹Oh, no. No! No! No!›

‹What have I done?!›

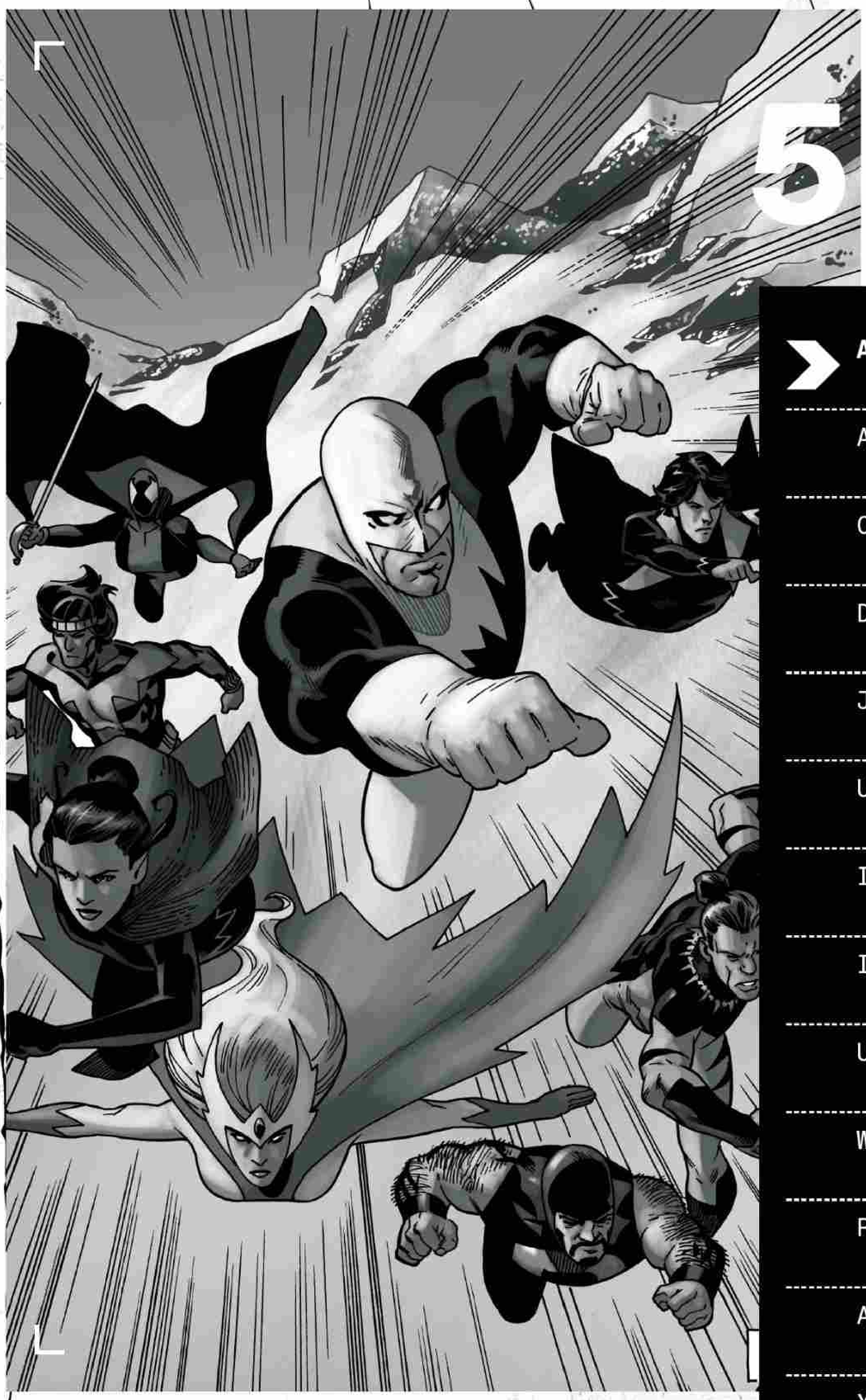
TO BE CONCLUDED...!

rAkoA is for all

MUTANTS

[fall__of]
[_____X]

FOLLOW THE FALL:



ALPHA FLIGHT #4

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #4

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #4

DARK X-MEN #4

JEAN GREY #4

UNCANNY AVENGERS #4

IMMORTAL X-MEN #17

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #12

UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #4

WOLVERINE #39

REALM OF X #4

ALPHA FLIGHT #5

X-MEN #29

[alpha__04]
[flight__04]

[fall__of]
[_____X]

KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA